

New York's Spooning Places

By Clyde Ludwick

No. 1—Central Park.

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SOMEWHERE in this sordid world there is a hallowed spot where love reigns supreme. It is in Central Park. Just cross the Natural Bridge that leads you over the ravine south of the Shakespearean Garden, and you will have entered the Dominion of King Cupid.

There are tall trees and screening undergrowth and babbling brooks and little bridges; and there are places carpeted with turf, and there are blossoming places where bees and butterflies go to sip honey.

There are cozy corners and rustic furniture, and there can be heard birds singing in symphony and soft sighs and bushed voices.

There are smiling faces and throbbing hearts, for there are lovers!

There are fair lovers who have found the little house through which we, the human kind, can glimpse into Heaven.

There are foolish lovers who do not speak their love, but wait for better days—which may never come.

There are stranger lovers who sit apart and alone, and sisterly lovers strolling arm in arm.

There are stalwart men with robust girls, and there are pale and pale-faced pairs.

There are old lovers, and young and middle-aged.

Oh, there is no telling the things that love will count perfect!

Old lovers in that domicile never scold. They never say, "It was not so in other days." When you see a man of sixty kiss the withered hand of his blushing companion, do not be too sure

that it is a budding romance. He may have kissed her just as tenderly every day for half a century or more.

Love is eternal!

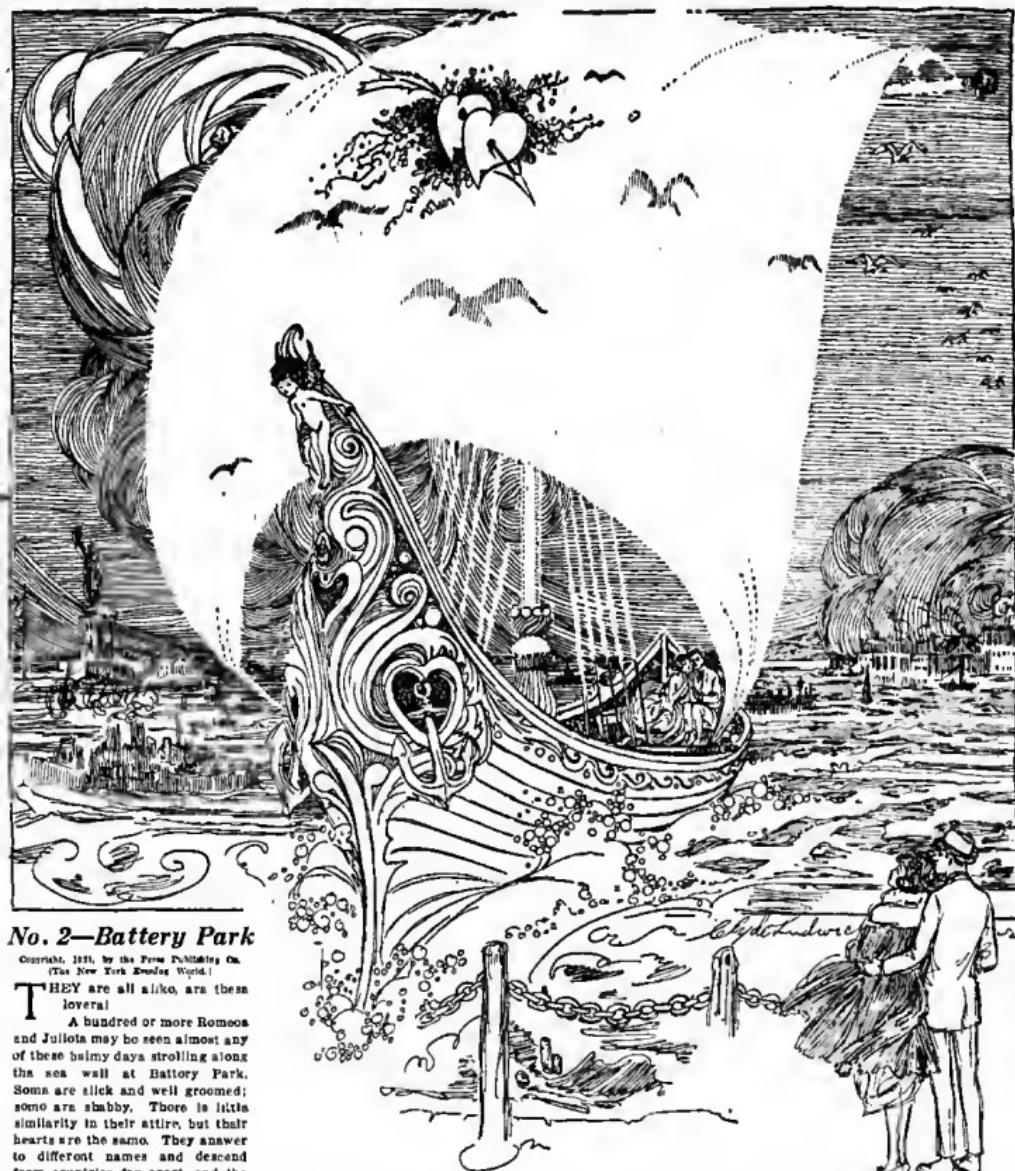
There little boys and girls playing in the brook or strolling hand in hand down a rugged pathway never titfer when they see a big player's beau give her a kiss—they seem to understand.

Indeed, the etiquette of the place is perfect.

Sometimes I think that even the patrons see and we not, although it is not the custom of the police.

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No. 2—Battery Park

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THEY are all alike, are these lovers!

A hundred or more Romeo and Juliets may be seen almost any of these balmy days strolling along the sea wall at Battery Park. Some are slick and well groomed; some are shabby. There is little similarity in their attire, but their hearts are the same. They answer to different names and descend from countries far apart, and the words they say are not at all alike, yet they speak one tongue—it is the language of love.

Some of the lovers are from comfortable families. They are confident and contented.

Some are from the immigrant class, and have hardly found their calling here; they are, probably,

selling kindling wood and ice and coal by the scuttle from a cellar in some tenement district.

Other lovers are tradespeople and artisans, who are industrious and prosperous and ambitious; and some of the lovers are our own soldier boys and sailors.

It matters not who they may be,

or from whence they come—love and lovers have one aim, one purpose. They build homes and keep them.

When next you go sightseeing and turn to look upon the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island from afar, and linger to contemplate the scows and barges and pleasure-

seeking vessels ploughing their way through the restious waves, look a while with the lovers upon a fairer scene.

They, with love's eyes, peer through a rosy mist and behold grandeur and beauty and wonder untold, a phantom ship upon life's seas, bearing them on to Eternity.

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No. 3—Morningside Park

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LOVERS here, lovers there, lovers, lovers everywhere! Beneath the blue sky, tucked in among the foliage, in the shadow of the quiet Cathedral, young, trusting and earnest they plighted their troth.

Youth's tender buds have blossomed, they are children no more; they are man and women—you can find them by the dozens in



two on the park benches, on the stone stairs or strolling along the walks, forgetful of all the world, remembering only the fair one by their side.

Blushingly they open their hearts to each other, and in confidence lay bare treasured ideals, stored up through childhood. Proudly they count each truth they find there, and conclude the summing up with "I am the luckiest man (or woman) in the world."

They have many illusions, they seem to see stretching before them a path strewn with sweet flowers leading to all the heights of happiness. They see themselves two perfect beings pursuing the path and treading upon the

roses. They see no fatigue, no hungering of heart, no fears. They say, "Oh, life, how beautiful is thy day!"

As time goes on and they are well embarked they will encounter many difficulties.

Many obstacles will stand in their way, and much effort will be required to surmount them. There will be sorrows and hurts and needs,

Where they look for roses they will also find thorns.

But when the journey is well nigh ended, when life's evening has come and the lovers turn to look again upon the weary way, they will see each kind deed, each heartache, each hurt and effort blossoming in glorified array.

Sweet love, how wonderful is thy way!

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No. 4.—Grand Central Terminal



"GOODBYE, dear; give us a kiss. There! I've missed my train!"

Such is the chorus of exclamations heard about Grand Central Station.

It never got anybody anywhere, at train time.

"Lovers!" you say—and there are lovers—ooches of 'em!

The train that was missed was not a locomotive, speeding along steel rails, as you might imagine. It faces and they seem anxious and was a different kind of a train. It is restless. The information they want does not travel very fast at any time and slows down decidedly every time.

girl gives a fellow a kiss. That train was bound for Single Blessedness. The lovers who missed it were fortunate, for it was not at all safe. It was loaded with loneliness, and it was liable to be wrecked at any min-

ut. It is a searching look on their faces and they seem anxious and is not about trains. Oh, no! It is about some sweet girl's affection.

How much does she like him?

Has any other fellow a better right to her time?

How long must he wait?

Information about a hundred such important things is really urgent.

Then there is the waiting room. Comfortable? Not at all. There is a looped through his most tenderly: good seats and bright lights and but she is the clinging vine type that might be just her way. Suppose she did not love him after all?

Who ever heard of one being comfortable in a waiting room? Waiting

and most times it means dread and fears.

And the lovers waiting there men, older men and women who have experienced all of those emotions and forgotten their own younger days many other indescribable feelings.

It is consoling to be together, and to journey—are wishing that all the feel an arm around your waist in re-lovers who "jam up things" were assuring. Still one must wait. She safely tucked away on a matrimonial

might be, after all, just small talk. Suppose it was—oh—but then a girl must always wait until she is asked,

it is bliss to be near her, her arms are looped through his most tenderly: but she is the clinging vine type that might be just her way. Suppose she did not love him after all?

To act quickly might spoil everything.

All the while travellers—business men, older men and women who have many other indescribable feelings, and others going on some important journeys are wishing that all the feel an arm around your waist in re-lovers who "jam up things" were assuring. Still one must wait. She safely tucked away on a matrimonial all the pretty things that he said ever after.

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No. 5—Bronx Park.

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KISSES are little bridges over yearning hearts that lead on to understanding, and in Bronx Park there are bridges and bridges. No one can more appreciate their beauty than do the lovers. And oh, what a wonderful park it is for them, especially on holidays!

The curving bridge over the river has nothing for beauty on the kiss-bridges. Stones and rivers and architecture are wonderful, but more wonderful are hearts and lips and kisses.

To be sure, much depends on your

point of view. Looking upstream, the hidden point of view is perfect—the bridge bows over the river and reflects, making almost a circle.

Looking downstream, its beauty is another thing, and one looks away.

Good architecture makes the beauty of the bridge. Good fellowship makes the beauty of the kiss.

If one should visit Bronx Park, though he saw all the wonderful trees and the river and the architecture and the animals, the wild birds and little deer, and flowers, too, and saw not a pair of lovers or a single kiss, he would feel that there was something lacking, that somehow man had been left out of the scheme of things.

Pear not, man was not forgotten, and the proof of it is evident. To be kissed is—would that I were! To see a kiss is. There are lovers a-plenty in Bronx Park.

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No. 6—The Public Library.

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A MONG those seeking knowledge there are many who seek love. The Public Library is frequented by many lovers. They may be seen seated in every corner of the big marble hallway.

Some are sweet dreamers. To them the splendid palace is a temple of love.

Some are freshness and bairns. They probably have sneaked away from business to get one lingering look, in exchange greetings and to rush away again. From the refreshing meeting they gain courage, wisdom and ambition with which to launch some new business adventure or solve a difficult problem.

The huge books in the art and architecture reading rooms form splendid screens if sus-

ported by a rack. When couples go there to pursue some fine art, whether Greek or Gothic, they get more information from a pair of blue eyes, or brown, than they do from the ancient volume before them.

You have heard of reading lips; be sure there are more ways than one! Though a lover has little chance for reading lips—either way—in the great reading rooms of the library, there is no law against reading hearts. The comfortable chairs and spacious tables have

advantages, for there are no signs saying, "Keep your hands above the table."

In the art exhibition room the gentle art of love is not wanting. It is displayed to great advantage, never bold, never crude, but subtle, due to the watchful eye of the guard. There before a great painting stand enigmatically loves contemplating somebody's "Paradise Lost."

Libraries are very well, but for knowledge seek love.

Who is wiser than love?